o. 23 JANUARY, 1938

EW Adventure COMICS

10¢

MYSTERY! . . THRILLS!

No. 11 JANUARY, 1938

ALL NEW!

10¢ AT ALL NEWS STANDS

NEW
ADVENTURE COMICS
The International Picture Story Magazine

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON
Editor and Publisher
VINCENT A. SULLIVAN F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH
Associate Editors

NEW ADVENTURE COMICS, published monthly by Nicholson Publishing Co., Inc., 432 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post-Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain, $1.50; elsewhere $2.00. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1938 by Nicholson Publishing Co., Inc. For advertising rates, address

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San Francisco—625 Market St.
Chicago—100 N. Michigan Ave.

New York—19 West 44th St.
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Adventures of STEVE CONRAD

·STEVE·

·SYNOPSIS·

STEVE AND MYRA ARE CAPTIVES OF THE ALLIGATOR-MEN ON THE ISLE OF TANGI - KING OLAM FAVORS MYRA AND MAKES HER HIS QUEEN MYRA, ONCE SHE IS QUEEN, TURNS AGAINST STEVE AND ORDERS HIM TO BE IMPRISONED FOR AN ATTEMPT TO KILL KING OLAM. STEVE IS CHAGRINED BY MYRA'S APPARENT DISLOYALTY — BUT —

·MYRA·

·BY CRAIG FLESSEL·

STEVE ESCAPES AND TAKES TO THE TREES
HE HAS ESCAPED - LET HIM GO! - NOW MAKE READY FOR OUR WEDDING FEAST OF TOMORROW! HURRY -
YES, MY QUEEN
THE WEDDING FEAST! WINE, ROAST LION AND SUNDRY DELICACIES TO TEMPT THE ALLIGATOR MENS APPETITES ARE SPREAD ON THE BANQUET TABLE! KING OLAM HAS TAKEN A QUEEN, AND THE PEOPLE ARE GAY!
GEE, I WISH STEVE WAS HERE!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

FROM THE BALCONY STEVE CATAPULTS THRU SPACE, GRABBING THE CHANDELIER HIGH ABOVE THE BANQUET HALL --- HE HANGS PRECARIOUSLY AND THEN ----- DROPS

LOOK!

AND LANDS ON THE BANQUET TABLE!
LOOK OUT, STEVE, THEY'LL KILL YOU
GET HIM!

STAND BACK, SANGO WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS FELLOW!

STEVE HURLS HIS ANTAGONIST FROM THE BANQUET TABLE AS ANOTHER ALLIGATOR-MAN RUSHES HIM
ARMY-TURTLES ON HUNGER MARCH -- THEY'RE AFTER US! I MUST WARN THE KING!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE ARMY-TURTLES ARE COMING!!
TRAPPED!
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

CHARLES DICKENS

THE DOCTOR WANDERED DAZEDLY ABOUT THE ROOM, CARTON DREW MR. LORRY ASIDE.

"LISTEN," HE SAID, "YOU MUST GET LUCIE AND HER CHILD AWAY TO ENGLAND AT ONCE!"

"BUT WHY?" ASKED MR. LORRY.

"THEY ARE IN GREAT DANGER!" CARTON ANSWERED. "BECAUSE THE DEFARGES HAVE SEEN THEM AND KNOW WHO THEY ARE."

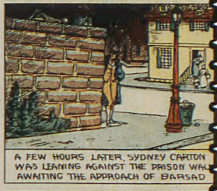
THEREUPON HE TOOK FROM HIS POCKET HIS OWN PASSPORT AS SYDNEY CARTON BRITISH ADVOCATE.

PRESSING IT INTO THE HAND OF THE BANKER, HE SAID, "HAVE THE COACH READY AT EIGHT TOMORROW MORNING."

IF LUCIE HESITATES, TELL HER IT WAS DARNAY'S LAST WISH THAT SHE LEAVE PARIS BEFORE THE EXECUTION."

"AND YOU?" ASKED THE BANKER, LOOKING AT CARTON'S PASSPORT.

"DO NOT WORRY, MY PLACE WILL BE FILLED," HE SAID, "BUT BE CERTAIN TO FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS."



A FEW HOURS LATER, SYDNEY CARTON WAS LEANING AGAINST THE PRISON WALL AWAITING THE APPROACH OF BARSAD.

WHEN BARSAD APPEARED CARTON STEPPED IN FRONT OF HIM.

"I TOLD YOU BEFORE IT COULDN'T BE DONE," COMPLAINED BARSAD. "NO ONE EVER ESCAPES FROM THAT PRISON."

"I BELIEVE YOU, BUT GET ME AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM," RETURNED CARTON.

FEEBLY BARSAD PROTESTED THAT HIS OWN HEAD WOULD BE ENDANGERED.

"WELL," SAID CARTON, "HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOUR HEAD WOULD STAY ON IS THE REPUBLIC KNEW THAT YOU WERE A PAID SPY OF THE MARQUIS D'EVRÉMONDE?"

THAT BROKE BARSAD AND HE AGREED TO DO ANYTHING CARTON DESIRED.

THEREUPON THEY HELD A WHISPERED CONVERSATION.

A SHORT TIME LATER A JAILOR LED THEM DOWN THE PRISON CORRIDOR TO CHARLES DARNAY'S CELL.

WITH A CAUTION THAT THEY COULD STAY ONLY TEN MINUTES, THE JAILOR MOVED AWAY

THEN SYDNEY CARTON SLIPPED INSIDE DUMFOUNDING CHARLES BY HIS APPEARA

"QUICK!" HE CRIED, "LUCIE ASKS THAT YOU DO AS I SAY.- NOW WRITE WHAT I DICTATE"

AS CHARLES BEGAN TO WRITE HE WAS SUDDENLY OVERCOME BY A STUPEFYIN LIQUOR WHICH CARTON CONCEALED IN HIS CO

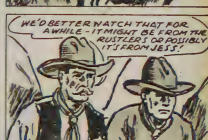
QUICKLY CARTON CHANGED CLOTHES WITH HIM, THEN CALLED FOR BARSAD TO TAKE HIM TO THE COACH

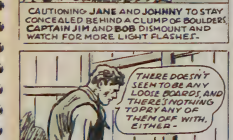
WHILE SUPPORTING HIM DOWN THE CORRIDOR BARSA WAS MET BY THE JAILOR. "THE VISITOR IS OVERCO BY GRIEF HE EXPLAINED." — CONTINUED —

CAPTAIN JIM of the TEXAS RANGERS

CAPTAIN JIM AND BOB, WITH JANE AND JOHNNY, HAVE STARTED AGAIN ON THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL, THAT IS LEADING THEM TO GILA CANYON. BACK IN THE RUSTLERS' SHACK, JESS IS TRYING TO WARN THEM BY FLASHING SIGNALS ON THE CANYON WALLS, BY MEANS OF THE SUN AND A SMALL MIRROR. IN THIS WAY, HE HOPES TO WARN THEM THAT THE OUTLAWS ARE HIDING WITHIN THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANYON, TO AMBUSH THEM...

CAUTIONING JANE AND JOHNNY TO STAY CONCEALED BEHIND A CLUMP OF BOULDERS, CAPTAIN JIM AND BOB DISMOUNT AND WATCH FOR MORE LIGHT FLASHES.



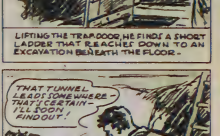


MEANWHILE, AFTER FLASHING HIS MESSAGE SEVERAL TIMES, JESS WANDS UP THE MIRROR AND LOOKS AROUND FOR SOME WAY TO BREAK OUT OF THE SHACK -

EVIDENTLY, THE SHACK HAS BEEN USED ONLY AS A STOREROOM AS IT CONTAINS NO FURNITURE - IN ONE CORNER THERE IS A LARGE EMPTY PACKING BOX -

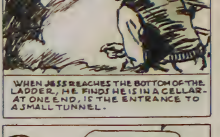
AS JESS MOVES THE PACKING BOX OUT FROM THE WALL, HE FINDS IT HAS BEEN COVERING A TRAP-DOOR IN THE FLOOR -

LIFTING THE TRAP DOOR, HE FINDS A SHORT LADDER THAT REACHES DOWN TO AN EXCAVATION BENEATH THE FLOOR -



WHEN JESS REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER, HE FINDS HE IS IN A CELLAR - AT ONE END, IS THE ENTRANCE TO A SMALL TUNNEL -

JESS CONTINUES ALONG THROUGH THE TUNNEL, 90 OR 100 YARDS, UNTIL HE REACHES THE END. ABOVE HIS HEAD, HE DISCOVERS A SMALL IRON DOOR -



IN THE MEANTIME, THE OUTLAWS ARE WAITING FOR CAPTAIN JIM AND HIS PARTY TO ENTER THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON AND INTO THEIR TRAP -

SPIKE AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE KIDS THAT WILL KEEP THOSE OTHER COYOTES OFF OF YOUR TRAIL - YOU AN' FLETCH GET THE STUFF STARTED FOR THE BORDER

CALLING SCRUB AND FLETCH OVER, RUSTY EXPLAINS HIS PLAN-

BY CRAWLING OVER THE SIDE OF A BLUFF USING OUT CROPPING ROCKS FOR COVER, RUSTY AND SPIKE GET WELL BEHIND THE POSITION OF CAPTAIN JIM AND BOB.

NOISELESSLY, MAKING THEIR WAY BEHIND BOULDERS AND BRUSH, RUSTY AND SPIKE GET A GLIMPSE OF JANE AND JOHNNY WITH THE HORSES -

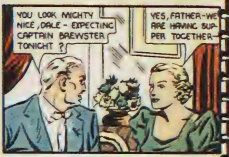
APPEARING SUDDENLY FROM AROUND A CLUMP OF ROCKS, RUSTY LEVELS HIS GUN AT JANE AND JOHNNY AND IN A LOW VOICE, ORDERS THEM INTO THEIR SADDLES-

A. FUEMING

DALE DARING

~ Will Ely ~

DALE, HER FATHER, CAPTAIN BREWSTER, AND ALI ARRIVE SAFELY ON THE CHINA COAST AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL TRIP BY PLANE FROM THE INTER-IOR - TSIN LEE IS DEAD AND THE REMAINDER OF HIS BAND OF CUTTHROATS ARE IN THE CUSTODY OF THE LAW- AS OUR STORY OPENS WE SEE CAPTAIN BREWSTER IN HIS DRESS UNIFORM ON HIS WAY TO THE HOTEL WHERE THE DARINGS ARE STAYING -



LOOK HERE, DALE - HAVE YOU EVER SEEN OR HEARD OF THIS SYMBOL BEFORE ?
WHY -- NO, DON - WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT IS THE SIGN OF THE "RED HATCHET" - A SECRET BUT MURDEROUS CLAN THAT HAS BEEN IN EXISTENCE IN CHINA FOR AGES -
WHAT DOES THE "SIGN" MEAN ?
IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH TO THE ONE WHO RECEIVES IT --
OH ! DON !! DOES THAT MEAN YOU ARE IN DANGER?
I HARDLY THINK SO - THE "RED HATCHET" IS GENERALLY DELIVERED IN A MORE PRECISE WAY - I RECEIVED THIS BY ACCIDENT - LET'S FORGET IT AND LISTEN TO THOSE CHUNKS WHO THINK THEY ARE PLAYING AMERICAN "SWING MUSIC" ---
GOODNESS, WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF DEFYING DEATH FOR A WHILE -
MUCH LATER, CAPTAIN BREWSTER SEES DALE HOME FROM THEIR NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT - LURKING IN THE SHADOWS ARE TWO SLINKING FORMS -
AS CAPTAIN BREWSTER LEAVES DALE AT HER DOOR THE FORMS COME OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND TAKE UP HIS TRAIL --
TO BE CONTINUED --

★ MOVIES ★

By I. W. MAGOVERN

SIT back in your nest and take a good bite of that licorice shoestring, because the lights are going out and we're off on another trip to Movieland.

What picture are you looking at? Hugh Herbert, the "whoowoo" man, in a thing called "Sh! The Octopus"? He's a detective in this one, and just as dizzy and goofy as ever. Anybody who can't get at least a chuckle out of Mr. Herbert ought to see a doctor.

And if you like him as a detective you can count on seeing him in three more of the same sort of roles, too, for Warner Bros. have just that many more stories lined up for him. The next is to be "That's My Sister". Imagine being Hugh Herbert's sister! We don't know who the lucky girl is, but we'll bet she has plenty of trouble with her brother.

If you've seen Shirley Temple in "Wee Willie Winkie," or Eddie Cantor in "Ali Baba Goes To Town," you probably noticed that parts of the films seemed to be the color of the brown rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers, and that some of the night scenes had a blue, moonlight effect to them. Very nice effects, we thought. They're something brand new in motion pictures, and the boss at Shirley's studio liked them so well that Shirley's newest picture, "Heidi," is done the same way. It's a relief from just plain black-and-white; see if you don't think so, too, when you see "Heidi."

One of the actors in "Heidi" is an old goat. There are quite a number of goats in the picture, to be sure, but this is a *particular* goat, who gets much higher pay than the ordinary goats who earn $1.50 a day for working in front of the cameras.

This goat, whose name is Old Turk, can do something that other goats can't do—he can butt gently, which is quite a trick for a goat. One barnyard scene in the film called for Shirley to be butted by a goat, so naturally Old Turk got the job. He is paid at the rate of five dollars per butt, and as the scene had to be shot four times, Old Turk earned his owner twenty dollars for a couple of hours work. Not bad at all. After it was all over, though, Shirley admitted that she was a little nervous lest Old Turk should forget his lessons and give her a real hard butt which might make it inconvenient for her to sit down for a day or two. But he was a perfect gentleman, so Shirley didn't have to get a hitch off the mantel-piece after all.

We haven't seen Stuart Erwin around very much lately, so it's good news to hear that he's lined up for at least a couple of pictures on the 20th Century-Fox lot. The first will be with Jane Withers in "Checkers," which ought to be coming along pretty soon now. Jane's last picture, "Wild and Woolly," was very funny, we thought. She's a good little actress, and she can sing and dance like nobody's business, too. And remember Zero, the little boy who was her pal in the picture? We've seldom seen anything as funny as his singing of "When Did You Leave Heaven?" They make a mighty good team, and we think they should be kept together. However, Zero isn't in the cast of Jane's very newest picture, "45 Fathers," which will be released just about the time you read this.

Here's an amusing little story: one day, between scenes of "True Confession," outdoor shots for which were being filmed at Lake Arrowhead, Una Merkel was doing a little speed-boating, whizzing around the lake at a great rate. Indulging in the safer pastime of paddling around in a rowboat was Arthur Camp, one of Paramount's property men. Arthur was having a pleasant time of it, safely and sanely, until Una pulled her speedboat a little too close to him. The waves of the speedboat's backwash overturned the rowboat, and Mr. Camp tumbled into deep water. That might not have been so bad except for one thing—Mr. Arthur Camp doesn't know how to swim. He could once, he remembers, but he was just going down for the third time—which is generally supposed to be the *last* time—when Una finally managed to swing the speedboat around and hook Mr. Camp's coat with a boathook. And there she had to hold him, like a harpooned fish, until a rescue party arrived from shore. Mr. Camp is at present taking swimming lessons so that the next time he's planning to present him with a life-preserver to be used when he next indulges in the dangerous sport of rowboating.

Well, that's all for this time, but we'll be with you again next month. And in the meantime we'll be seeing you—at the movies!

JUST FOR FUN
BY ADLER

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THRU HIS STOMACH!
YEAH?

MAY I DROP OVER TONITE?
SORRY! I'LL BE OUT!

MAY I CALL THIS EVE?
I'VE A DATE!

NO!
GEE! HAS ANYONE WHO CO-NAME A FASCIN-ATING CHAT?

IF THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS —— BY GEORGE, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!

CLARA? HOW'S ABOUT HAVING DINNER WITH ME?

WHY DON'T YOU CALL ME OFTENER?

THE MONASTERY OF THE BLUE GOD

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS STEWART, INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, PEKING, AND HIS FIANCÉE ELEONORE VON SCHARRER, TRAVEL TO MONGOLIA TO FIND VON BOLANDER SPY — AND THE STAR SAPPHIRES! WITH THEM ARE SERGEANT MILLER AND CORPORAL DRENOFF. DRENOFF HAS BEEN SENT TO KEEP HER FOR SUPPLIES. TWO MONGOLS THREATEN ELSA AT THE SPRING.

1

STEWART KNOCKS THE MONGOL'S RIFLE TO THE GROUND!

2

LIKE A WILD CAT HE FLIES AT STEWART!

3

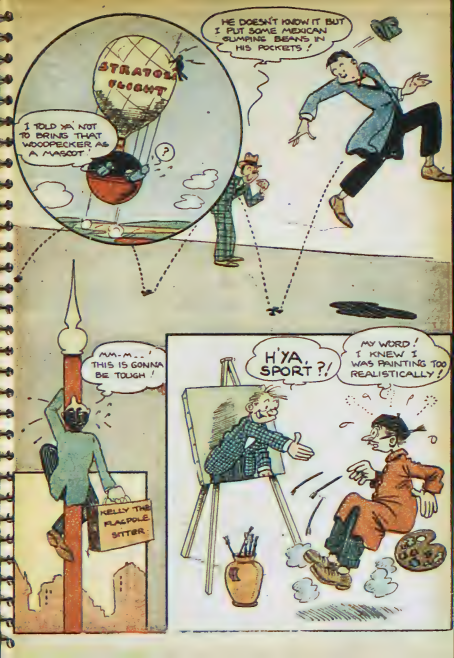
THE MONGOL KICKS AND GOUGES LIKE A MAD ANIMAL — THEY LOSE THEIR FOOTING AND ROLL DOWN HILL!

4
MEAN WHILE, THE FIRST MONGOL RECOVERED — HE SEIZES THE BROKEN GUN —
BUT, ELSA, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED IN CLOTHING HERSELF, SEES HIM IN TIME!
A SHOT RINGS OUT!
5
6
AT LAST, STEWART, WITH ONE SMASHING BLOW, FELLS THE SECOND MONGOL!
DOUGLAS! SHOT THE OTHER HONGOL AND I'LL TIE THIS ONE UP WITH MY BELT!
7
FINE! I HOPE THERE ARE NO MORE AROUND!
HE TURNS -- TO FIND ELSA BESIDE HIM!
I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MILLER! I'M SURE I JUST HEARD A SHOT!
SO AND SEE, DEAR-EL STAND GUARD HERE!
OVER
THEY'VE GONE! I'VE BEEN KEEPING SEVEN OR EIGHT OF 'EM AT BAY!
AH! GOOD WORK, MILLER!
9
BUT, SUDDENLY, MILLER CRASHES OUT OF THE UNDERBRUSH!

10
AND NOW LET'S LOOK AT THIS BIRD, ELSA? WELL — YOUR BULLET WENT THROUGH HIS HEAD! HE'S DONE FOR!
IT SICKENED ME—BUT IT WAS HIS LIFE OR YOURS!
STEWART EXAMINES THE MONGOL ELSA HAS SHOT
11
WHAT HAPPENED, ANYWAY?
I HARDLY KNOW! I'D FINISHED BATHING AND STARTED TO DRESS WHEN I SAW TWO SHADOWS!
SUDDENLY THESE TWO HORRIBLE MONGOLS CLOSED IN ON ME— AND I SCREAMED!
POOR GIRL! LUCKILY WE HEARD YOU!
12
13
LET'S EXAMINE THIS BABY, CAPN STEWART— YOU SURE KNOCKED HIM OUT!
MILLER EXAMINES THE MONGOL STEWART KNOCKED OUT
14
A NOTE-BOOK IN A QUEER LANGUAGE AND — AND— HOT STUFF! WHAT'S THIS?
A JAR SAPPHIRE ON A GOLD CHAIN!
WOW! VISION THAT MISS!
15
THE THREE GAZE IN AMAZEMENT

16
WHO THE HECK IS THIS BIRD?
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH-CURSE YOU! WHITE PIGS!
HE MONGOL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND ANSWERS IN PERFECT ENGLISH!
YOU ARE QUITE ARROGANT FOR A CAPTURED PRISONER! I SHOULD HAVE NO COMPUNCTION ABOUT DROPPING THIS GUN BUTT ON YOUR FACE!
17
18
WELL, STILL THE GASOLINE AROUND THE CARS AND THEN WE'LL LIGHT THIS PIECE OF ROPE AND RUN!
HACK AT THE TIRES!
BE QUICK! WHITE PIGS BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
MEANWHILE, HAVING WATCHED SERGEANT MILLER LEAVE THE CAMP, SEVERAL MONGOLS
WELL, ITS GETTING DARK-WE BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP, WE'LL QUESTION THIS FELLOW LATER!
OK-CAPTN WE'LL PUSH OUR BIRD ALONG!
19
AT THE SPRING —
HUSTLE-HUSTLE-SOMETHING IS BURNING!
20
AS THEY NEAR THE CAMP ACRID SMOKE ASSAILS THEM!
— TO BE CONTINUED —

LAUGHING AT LIFE!


STRATOS FLIGHT
I TOLD YA NOT TO BRING THAT WOODPECKER AS A MASCOT !
?
HE DOESN'T KNOW IT BUT I PUT SOME MEXICAN SLIMMING BEANS IN HIS POCKETS !
MM-M.. THIS IS GONNA BE TOUGH !
KELLY THE FLAGPOLE SITTER
H'YA, SPORT ?!
MY WORD ! I KNEW I WAS PAINTING TOO REALISTICALLY !

Robin Hood

ILLUSTRATED SVEN ELVEN

1

DURING THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND OF ENGLAND, THERE WERE SEVERE LAWS AGAINST POACHING. CRUELLY ENFORCED. TO KILL A DEER IN THE ROYAL FORESTS WAS A CRIME PUNISHABLE BY DEATH OR TERRIBLE MUTILATION. EVERYONE KNEW THESE LAWS, ESPECIALLY YOUNG ROBIN HOOD WHO WAS WENDING HIS WAY TO NOTTINGHAM, THERE TO SEEK SERVICE AS ONE OF THE KING'S FORESTERS.

2

CROSSING THROUGH THE ROYAL FOREST, ROBIN HOOD STOPS TO WATCH THE GRACEFUL FLIGHT OF A HERD OF ANTLERED DEER.

3

STAND! WHO ART THOU, THAT MARCHEST SO BOLDLY ABOUT THE KING'S GREENWOOD?

I AM ROBIN HOOD, SEEKING MY FORTUNE. I AM GOING TO NOTTINGHAM IN HOPES OF BECOMING ONE OF THE KING'S FORESTERS.

IN AN OPEN GLADE, ROBIN COMES ON A GROUP OF THE KING'S FORESTERS.

4

HA! HA!- THAT'S NOT SO EASY, LAD - THE KING WANTS MEN, THOU HAST NOUGHT BUT A MAN'S BOW TO BOAST OF.

U - AND I TROW THAT SLIP OF A LAD CANNOT EVEN DRAW IT.

THE MEN JEER AT THE YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE OF ROBIN HOOD.

5

I WILL DRAW IT AT ANY MARK WITH ANY MAN AMONG YE.

AND WHAT WILL YOU WAGER?

ANGERED AT THEIR TAUNTS, ROBIN HOOD MAKES A RASH CHALLENGE.

6

MY HEAD AGAINST YOUR PURSE, THAT I HIT ANY MARK YOU CHOOSE.

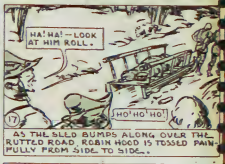
IT'S A GO - THERE'S YOUR TARGET - YON LORDLY STAG.

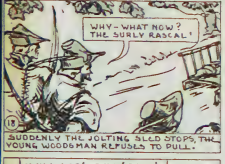
ROBIN HOOD DRAWS HIS BOW—THE ARROW SING THROUGH THE AIR AND THE PROUD STAG DROPS WITH A SHAFT THROUGH THE HEART.
7
WELL! I HAVE WON YOUR PURSE!
MY PURSE, EH? I WILL TELL YOU WHAT YOU HAVE WON— THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF THE FOREST LAWS!
8
THE WARDENS ARE AMAZED AT THE REMARKABLE SHOT.
SEIZE HIM, MEN! HE HAS KILLED THE KING'S ROYAL GAME!
9
WELL, WE SHALL HAVE GLAD TIDINGS FOR THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, LADS.
HE HAS COMPLAINED PLENTY OF LATE ABOUT POACHERS.
10
RUTHLESSLY THEY POUNCE ON ROBIN HOOD AND BIND HIM UP.
I HAVE AN IDEA! LET US CARRY THIS RASCAL IN THE SKIN OF THE DEER HE SLEW.
EXCELLENT! STRIP OFF THE HIDE!
11
QUICKLY THE FORESTERS SKIN THE BEAST AND WRAP THEIR CAPTIVE IN THE GREASY HIDE.
12
INDEED, HOW SHALL WE CONVEY THIS KNAVE?
I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, DICKON. GET THE LADDERS WE SAW CHOPPING WOOD AND HAVE THEM BRING THEIR SLED ALONG.
13

15
DICKON GOES TO FETCH THE LABORERS.

16
HE RETURNS WITH THE WOODSMEN AND THEIR SLED.

FLING THIS KNAVE UPON YOUR SLED AND DRAG HIM BEFORE US TO THE TOWN.
10
ONE OF THE WORKMEN, A YOUNG MAN, LAGS BEHIND IN A SULLEN MOOD.

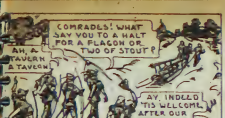

HA! HA! — LOOK AT HIM ROLL.
17
SHO! HO! HO!
AS THE SLED BUMPS ALONG OVER THE RUTTED ROAD, ROBIN HOOD IS TOSSED PAST PULLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE.


WHY — WHAT NOW? THE SURLY RASCAL!
18
SUDDENLY THE JOLTING SLED STOPS. THE YOUNG WOODSMAN REFUSES TO PULL.

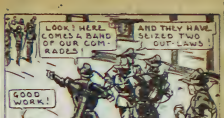
THOU SAXON CHURL! I WILL TEACH THEE TO SHOW THY SULLEN NESS TO YOUR BETTERS.
19

'WILL, LAD! — PULL! PULL! ANGER NOT THE FOREST-ERS.
20
THE YOUNG SAXON'S HAND DROPS MEANING-LY TOWARD THE HANDLE OF HIS KNIFE.

THAT ADVICE IS GOOD, OLD MAN PULL, WILL! PULL, LOG!
21



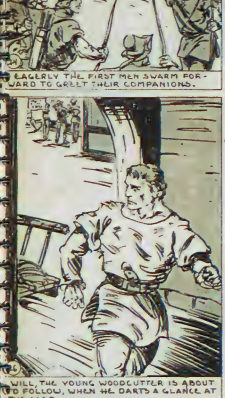
THE PARTY COMES WITHIN SIGHT OF A TAVERN.



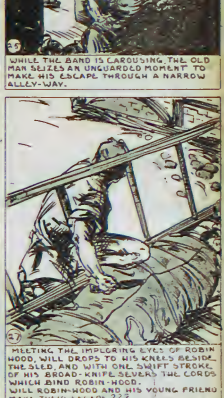
AS THEY STAND ABOUT DRINKING, MORE FORESTERS ARRIVE.

EAGERLY THE FIRST MEN SWARM FORWARD TO GREET THEIR COMPANIONS.

WHILE THE BAND IS CAROUSING THE OLD MAN SEIZES AN UNGUARDED MOMENT TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE THROUGH A NARROW ALLEY-WAY.



WILL THE YOUNG WOODCUTTER IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW, WHEN HE CASTS A GLANCE AT THE SLED.



MEETING THE IMPLORING EYES OF ROBIN HOOD, WILL DROPS TO HIS KNEES BESIDE THE SLED AND WITH ONE SWIFT STROKE OF HIS BROAD-KNIFE SEVERS THE CORDS WHICH BIND ROBIN-HOOD.
WILL ROBIN-HOOD AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND MAKE THEIR ESCAPE???

FEDERAL MEN
SIEGEL and SHUSTER
WELL? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE'VE DECIDED TO JOIN YOUR BRANCH OF THE JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB!
WHAT! GIRLS JOIN THE J.F.M.C AND CATCH CROOKS? -- HA! HA! BACK TO YOUR DOLLIES, GIRLS! THIS CLUB IS STRICTLY FOR MEN ONLY!
THEY THINK THEY'RE AWFUL SMART DON'T THEY!
SO THEY THINK WE CAN'T CATCH CROOKS, EH? WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
QUICKLY, THE GIRLS MAKE THEIR WAY TO A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE...
OK, GIRLS! TO YOUR POSTS! AND THE MOMENT YOU SEE ANY CRIME BEING HATCHED, REPORT BACK TO ME!
RIGHT CHIEF!

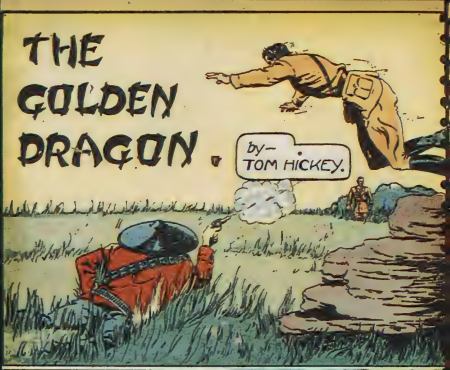
SHORTLY LATER——
GOSH! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?
I DON'T KNOW — BUT I'LL BET YOU ANYTHING IT'S ONE OF OUR CRIME-SCOUTS GOING INTO ACTION!
MANAGER, I INSIST YOU ARREST THIS LITTLE GIRL! I SAW HER DELIBERATELY STEAL THIS PAIR OF STOCKINGS FROM THE COUNTER
WELL, FOR—!
BAW-W! — I DID NOT!
THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE!
I DID NOT STEAL IT! I SAW THAT LADY SWIPIN' TH STOCKINGS AN' WHEN I TOLD HER SHE WAS BAD AN' I WAS GONNA CALL A COP SHE STARTED YELLIN, I DID IT!
THAT IS A DELIBERATE LIE!
I'D BETTER SUMMON A POLICEMAN!
BAW-W!
GEE! WHA FURE HAS GOTTEN INTO A MESS! WE GOTTA ACT FAST TO SAVE HER AN' TURN TH' TABLES ON THAT CROOK!

WHEN THE MANAGER ATTEMPTS TO CONTACT THE POLICE . . .
HELLO ?-- HELLO ?... WHAT THE DICKENS IS WRONG WITH THIS PHONE ?
BOY! WOULD YOU BURN IF YOU KNEW!
SNIP
LIKE STALKING INDIANS THE G-GIRLS CLOSE IN ON THEIR PREY!
PS-ST, RITA! KEEP YER CHIN UP! WE'RE COMIN TO TY RESCUE!
LABEL ME A THIEF, WILL YOU? -- YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!
O.K, GIRLS -NOW!
AT THEIR LEADER'S SIGNAL, THEY CLOSE IN, SNATCHING AT THE WOMAN'S POCKETBOOK!
EE-EK!-- HELP! I'M BEING ATTACKED!
I GOT IT!
OH-- IT'S GONNING!
LOOK!

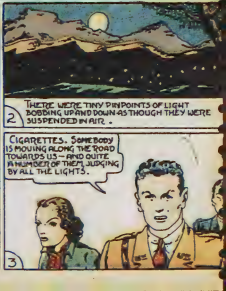
FROM OUT OF THE POCKETBOOK CATEGORIES A PAIN OF STOLEN OBJECTS . . .
SHE'S TH' CROOK AN' THERE'S YER PROOF!
SQUAW-WK! -- IT'S A LIE! IT'S A FRAME-UP! I'M BEING PERSECUTED!
PARDON MY SPEECH, MADAM, BUT YOU'RE A COCK-EYED LIAR!
CLEVELAND TRIBUNE
JUNIOR G-GIRLS SMASH SHOP-LIFT RING!!
CAPTURE THIEF RED-HANDED
NEXT DAY --
TELL 'EM FATTY!
NO, LET PETE DO THE TALKIN'
GIRLS, ON BEHALF OF THE J.R.M.C. I WANTA SAY YOU'RE SWELL AN' IF YD JOIN OUR CLUB WE'D BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU!
SHALL WE, BITA?
SHALL WE JOIN, NORMA?
WE'LL THINK IT OVER!
THE END
C'MON, GIRLS!-- YOU'RE JUST AS WELCOME TO JOIN THE J.R.M.C. AS THE BOYS. -- HOW ABOUT GETTIN' ALL YOUR GIRL-FRIENDS TO JOIN THIS WORTHY MOVEMENT TO BATTLE CRIME!
BADGES! CERTIFICATES! Ranks! -- Get yours now!
SEE CLUB PAGE FOR FULL DETAILS
JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

THE GOLDEN DRAGON

by— TOM HICKEY.



IAN MURRAY, DORIS WILLIS AND PAN CHI-LOU ARE SPEEDING THRU THE NIGHT WITH THEIR CAPTIVE, THE FAT LEADER OF THE BAND OF MONGOLIANS WHO ARE CHASING THEM.
LOOK AHEAD THERE! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
WHAT IS IT?
1.


THERE WERE TINY PINPOINTS OF LIGHT BOBBING UP AND DOWN AS THOUGH THEY WERE SUSPENDED IN AIR.
2.
CIGARETTES. SOMEBODY IS MOVING ALONG THE ROAD TOWARDS US — AND QUITE A NUMBER OF THEM, JUDGING BY ALL THE LIGHTS.
3

WE HAD BETTER GET OFF THE ROAD. MAYBE THE DARKNESS WILL CONCEAL US.

4

SOON THEY COULD HEAR THE THUDDING OF HORSES' HOOFS AND ABOVE IT A HUM OF MEN'S VOICES. IVAN LEANED FORWARD, LISTENING INTENTLY. FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN A SONG BROKE OUT, A SONG THAT BROUGHT A GREAT FEELING OF RELIEF TO IVAN. HE GRINNED JOYOUSLY, THEN SHOUTED.

5

THE SHOUT HAD INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT. THE INVISIBLE HORSEMEN SUDDENLY SURGED AROUND THEM. IT WAS COCKERILL AND HIS PARTY.

6

IAN OLD MAN! IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN ANYTHING NOW. WE'RE BEING CHASED BY A BUNCH OF MONGOLS. THE SAME GANG THAT WORRIED US. WE'VE GOT THEIR LEADER HERE, A PRISONER.

7

CAPTAIN IVENIDOFF! TELL YOUR MEN TO PUT OUT THEIR CIGARETTES. I SAW THEM HALF A MILE AWAY. THESE SIXTY SO MONGOLS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US. MOUNTED ON RACING CAMELS. CAPTURE THE CAMELS. I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE MEN BUT DON'T HURT THE CAMELS. WE'LL WAIT HERE UNTIL YOU RETURN.

YES SIR!

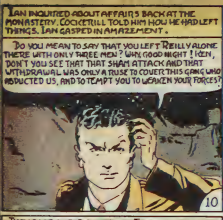
8

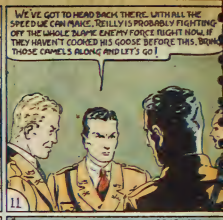
SILENTLY, LIKE GHOSTS, THE COSSACKS UNDER IVENIDOFF, MELTED INTO THE DARKNESS. A SHORT SKIRMISH FOLLOWED. FINALLY THE COSSACKS RETURNED BRINGING WITH THEM FIVE MORE CAMELS. THE SIXTH HAD BROKEN AWAY.

WE PICKED UP FIVE MORE CAMELS AND DIDN'T LOSE A MAN.

GOOD WORK, IVENIDOFF. NOW LET'S HEAD BACK FOR THE MONASTERY.

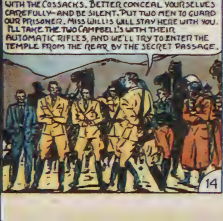
9


IAN INQUIRED ABOUT AFFAIRS BACK AT THE MONASTERY. COCKERILL TOLD HIM HOW HE HAD LEFT THINGS. IAN GASPED IN AMAZEMENT.
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU LEFT REILLY ALONE THERE WITH ONLY THREE MEN? WHY GOOD NIGHT! KEN, DON'T YOU SEE THAT THAT SHAM ATTACK AND THAT WITHDRAWAL WAS ONLY A RUSE TO COVER THIS GANG WHO KIDNAPED US, AND TO TEMPT YOU TO WEAKEN YOUR FORCES?
10


WE'VE GOT TO HEAD BACK THERE. WITH ALL THE SPEED WE CAN MAKE. REILLY IS PROBABLY FIGHTING OFF THE WHOLE BLAME ENEMY FORCE RIGHT NOW. IF THEY HAVEN'T COOKED HIS GOOSE BEFORE THIS, BRING THOSE CAMELS ALONG AND LET'S GO!
11

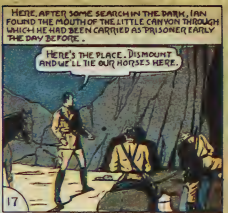
THEY RODE ON FOR SOME TIME. FINALLY THEY TOPPED A RISE AND SAW SPREAD OUT BELOW THEM, AROUND THE MONASTERY, THE CAMPFIRES OF THE MONGOLIANS.
THERE'S NO SIGNS OF A BATTLE. I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
12

IAN CALLED A HALT WHEN THEY WERE ABOUT A THOUSAND YARDS FROM THE MONASTERY. HE SENT TWO COSSACKS FORWARD TO RECONNOITER. THEY RETURNED QUICKLY.
WELL, WHAT'S THE DOPE?
THERE'S A FORCE OF MONGOLIANS ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD, GUARDING THE TRAIL.
13


O.K. NOW LISTEN! COCKERILL, YOU REMAIN HERE WITH THE COSSACKS. BETTER CONCEAL YOURSELVES CAREFULLY—AND BE SILENT. PUT TWO MEN TO GUARD OUR PRISONERS. MISS WILLIS WILL STAY HERE WITH YOU. I'LL TAKE THE TWO CAMPBELL'S WITH THEIR AUTOMATIC RIFLES, AND WE'LL TRY TO ENTER THE TEMPLE FROM THE REAR BY THE SECRET PASSAGE.
14

ONCE I GET IN THERE, I'LL FLASH YOU A SIGNAL. YOU CAN SEE THE MONASTERY WINDOWS FROM HERE. YOU KNOW THE MORSE CODE?---GOOD! I'LL FLASH WITH AN ELECTRIC TORCH AND GIVE YOU YOUR ORDERS. IS THAT CLEAR? ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO!
15

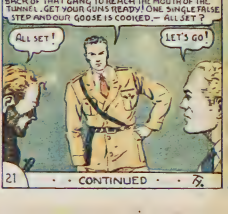
HERE, AFTER SOME SEARCH IN THE DARK, IAN FOUND THE MOUTH OF THE LITTLE CANYON THROUGH WHICH HE HAD BEEN CARRIED AS PRISONER EARLY THE DAY BEFORE.



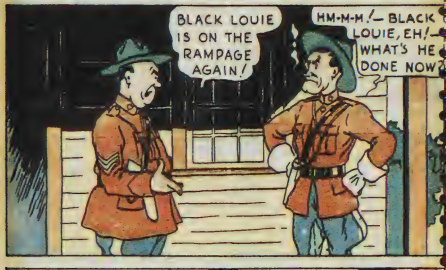
MOVING FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY, IAN AGAIN HEARD SOUNDS, AND NOW HE COULD MAKE THEM OUT AS LOW, GUTTERAL CONVERSATION.

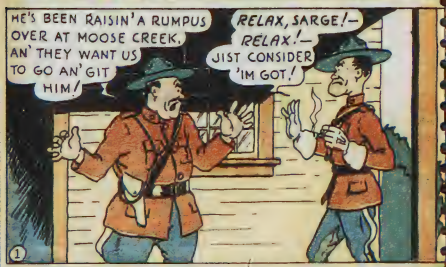
THE SOUNDS GREW MORE DISTINCT AS HE ADVANCED, UNTIL NEARLY AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE, HE SAW THROUGH THE GLOOM THE FORMS OF SEVERAL MONGOLIANS.

LISTEN, FELLOWS. WE'VE GOT TO SLIP AROUND BACK OF THAT GANG TO REACH THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL. GET YOUR GUNS READY! ONE SINGLE FALSE STEP AND OUR GOOSE IS COOKED.— ALL SET?



MONTY of the MOUNTIES





by
BILL PATRICK

NOW! NOW! MONTY!— YE GOTTA BE KEERFUL!— HE'S A TOUGH HOMBRE!
DONT WORRY, SARGE!— I ALWAYS GETS ME MAN!
JUST THE SAME, YE BETTER TAKE A COUPLA OF TH' BOYS ALONG
BE YERSELF, SARGE!— DEM BOZOS WOULD ONLY GIT IN ME HAIR!
SO LONG, SARGE!— YUH BETTER SWEEP OUT THE GUARD-HOUSE, YER GONNA HAVE COMPANY!

STEP ON IT, ARBUTUS!— WE GOTTA REACH HALF-WAY POINT 'FORE SUNDOWN!
WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR TH' NIGHT AN' MAKE AN EARLY START IN TH' MORNIN'!
3

OW-000-!
OW-000-!
OW-000-!

LATE NEXT DAY
WELL, THERE'S TH' TOWN, ARBUTUS!—WE'LL SOON BE THERE!
I'LL JIST TIE YUH UP HERE WHILE I SCOUT AROUN'!
WHAT THE!?
BANG!
BOOM!
CRASH!
5

SOUNDS LIKE A MASSACREE!— M-M-MAYBE I SHOULDA BROUGHT TH' BOYS WIT ME TA PLEASE TH' SARGE!
CRASH
BANG!
WELL I'LL BE!— BLACK LOUIE!!
PEEG OF A PEEG!— MEBBE ZEE NEX' TAM, YOU WIPE ZEE FEET 'FORE COM' IN 'OUSE!
UHH!
HEADQUARTERS
DID YE HAVE MUCH TROUBLE LANDIN' 'IM, MONTY
WELL, SARGE!— HE PUT UP A TOUGH SCRAP, BUT I DIDN'T EVEN GET ME GLOVES DIRTY!
6

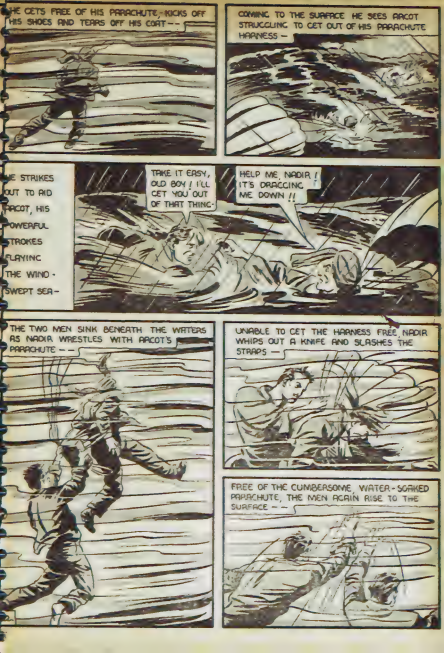
NADIR
MASTER OF MAGIC
~ Will Ely ~

NADIR AND ARCOT ARE IN THEIR AEROMOBILE LOW-WING, FLYING IN PURSUIT OF THE MARY LOU, A TRAMP STEAMER ON WHICH JOE, THE THIEF OF THE "PEARL OF THE BLEEDING HEART," HAS TAKEN REFUGE - A STORM COMES UP BEFORE THEY SIGHT THE SHIP - THEIR PLANE BEGINS TO MISS, AND UNABLE TO FIGHT IT, THEY HAVE TO BAIL OUT

THE PARACHUTES OF BOTH MEN OPEN SUCCESSFULLY —

INTO THE CHURNING WAVES OF THE STORM SEA PLUNGE OUR FRIENDS, ENCUMBERED BY THEIR HEAVY PARACHUTES AND CLOTHING

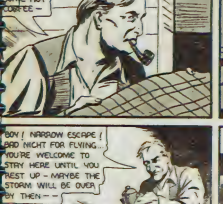
AS NADIR SINKS BENEATH THE SURFACE HE STRUGGLES TO FREE HIMSELF OF HIS EQUIPMENT - -

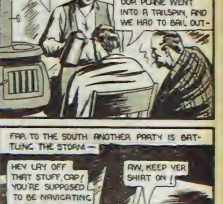

HE GETS FREE OF HIS PARACHUTE, KICKS OFF HIS SHOES AND TEARS OFF HIS COAT --
COMING TO THE SURFACE HE SEES RACOT STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF HIS PARACHUTE HARNESS --
HE STRIKES OUT TO AID RACOT, HIS POWERFUL STROKES FLAYING THE WIND-SWEPT SEA--
TAKE IT EASY, OLD BOY ! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THAT THING.
HELP ME, NADIA ! IT'S DRAGGING ME DOWN !!
THE TWO MEN SINK BENEATH THE WATERS AS NADIA WRESTLES WITH RACOT'S PARACHUTE --
UNABLE TO GET THE HARNESS FREE, NADIA WHIPS OUT A KNIFE AND SLASHES THE STRAPS --
FREE OF THE CUMBERSOME, WATER-SOAKED PARACHUTE, THE MEN AGAIN RISE TO THE SURFACE --

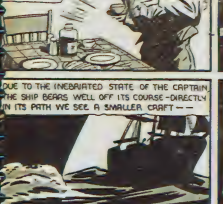
ARCOT IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE AFTER HIS GREAT EXERTION —
DON'T FICHT / I'LL KEEP YOU UP / I THINK WE ARE NEAR THE SHORE — —
THE RAIN CONTINUES AS HARD AS EVER, BUT AS NADIR SWIMS HE HEARS A DISTANT RUMBLE DIRECTLY AHEAD OF HIM —
BREAKERS / THE SHORE IS NEAR /
THE TIDE SWEEPS THE TWO HALF DROWNED MEN UP ON THE STORMY BEACH —
COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, THE TWO MEN LAY WHERE THE WATERS HAVE CAST THEM — —
THE DRIVING RAIN HELPS TO REVIVE THEM —
CAN YOU WALK, ARCOT ? WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR SHELTER —
I'M ALRIGHT NOW, NADIR.
LOOK! THERE'S A SEAMAN'S HUT / LET'S GET GOING /
LET'S HOPE HE'S HOSPITABLE /
3.

WHY, WE PLEASE COME IN FOR SHELTER ?
WHY OF COURSE ! WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOIN' OUT IN THIS STORM ?

GET THOSE WET CLOTHES OFF - I'LL GET YOU SOME BLANKETS TO WRAP UP IN -
IT'S GOOD TO BE IN OUT OF THAT-


HERE YOU ARE - I'LL MAKE YOU SOME HOT COFFEE -


WHERE ARE YOU FROM ?
WE JUST ESCAPED BEING DROWNED - OUR PLANE WENT INTO A TAILSPIN, AND WE HAD TO BAIL OUT-


BOY ! NARROW ESCAPE ! BAD NIGHT FOR FLYING... YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE UNTIL YOU REST UP - MAYBE THE STORM WILL BE OVER BY THEN - -

FAR TO THE SOUTH, ANOTHER PARTY IS BATTLING THE STORM -
HEY, LAY OFF THAT STUFF, CAP ! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE NAVIGATING A SHIP !
AW, KEEP YER SHIRT ON !

DUE TO THE INEBRIATED STATE OF THE CAPTAIN, THE SHIP BEARS WELL OFF ITS COURSE - DIRECTLY IN ITS PATH WE SEE A SMALLER CRAFT - -

HEY, CAP ! THROW HER OVER ! WE'RE BEARIN' DOWN ON THAT SHIP - - -
WHAT-? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM ?
TO BE CONTINUED-

OL' OZ BOPP
BY ALGER
GET YOUR CHIPS IN HURRY BACK WITH 'EM !!
YES - YES - O' COURSE!
HI-OZ! I'VE JES' GOT TIME T' ROLL ONE GAME - COME ON!
AW RITE - JEST ONE.
I KOLDJA I'D BEAT CHA, HEH-HEH!
WE'LL PLAY ONE MORE.
HELLO, OZ! DUG DAVIS IS OVER AT 'IK' STORE SAYIN' HE CAN BEAT CHA AT CHECKERS ANY DAY IN TH' WEEK.
I'LL BET DUC A DOLLAR T' A PUNKIN HE CAN'T!

ALL RIGHT - I'M BEAT ! BUT Y' CAN'T DO IT AGAIN !!
I'LL JES' SHOW YAH !
TWO IN A ROW ! DOG, YOU NEWER COULD PLAY CHECKERS !!
BAH !!
OZ - DIDJA SEE THIS IN TH' PAPER ?
PORK HEZ JUMPED AGAIN !
WOW !!
THEM CHOPS !!
HERE'S A DIME, WILLIE ! TAKE THEM CHOPS T' MY HOUSE !,
N I'LL TELL OL YOU WAS HEP AWAY BY BEINGS LATE YOU SAID !
HAM N' AIGS N' SOME FRIED TATERS
FISH

JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

In the June 1937 edition of NEW ADVENTURE COMICS, the *Junior Federal Men Club* sent out its first appeal to the boyhood of America to join the nation-wide crusade against lawlessness and crime, and American Youth hastened to accept the challenge. In the first month of its existence, the *Junior Federal Men Club* enlisted thousands of Members and each succeeding month has brought more and more applications from youngsters eager to have a part in this great venture. We are proud indeed of the fine work that our members are already doing, but we shall not be satisfied until every red-blooded American boy has pledged himself to support the forces of Law and Order in this country. We need everyone's help and we are asking every reader of these pages to send in his application TODAY. And we want every Member of the J. F. M. C. to begin organizing his own Unit.

Most of you already know something about J. F. M. C. Units, but for the benefit of our new Members, we will again outline the procedure of organization briefly.

Every Member can become a J. F. M. C. Lieutenant by getting three new Members to join the Club under his command. He can become a Captain by getting five new Members. The highest ranking Officer in the Club is a Division Commander and in order to achieve this distinction, a boy must recruit ten new *Junior Federal Men*. Unit Officers are in charge of all Unit activities and are responsible for mailing official reports to Headquarters from time to time.

Occasionally an Officer of a J. F. M. C. Unit writes in to say that he does not understand what material should be included in his "Official Report". Generally speaking, these reports should be a more or less complete statement of the activities being undertaken by the Unit, with special emphasis on the training that is being undertaken, general organization, and active cases. A very fine report has recently been sent in by Special Operator No. 1300, Lieutenant James Barrick of Chicago, Illinois, and, as we feel sure that it will be of interest to a great many of you, we are printing it in full:

Dear Steve:

This is Operator No. 1300, Lieutenant James Barrick, reporting. Please excuse me for not writing you until sooner with news but I have been very busy organizing my Outpost. Everything is pretty well started now. We have three other officers in the Unit: Secretary, Treasurer, and Photographer, and we also have a secret Meeting Place. In Equipment we have the following: File Box; card index cabinets; criminal and Police records. A criminal record has three cards too for record, clue and attendance.

In Club Equipment we have bank, black powder, book, big magnifying glass, ink pad, clips, stamps, big flashlight cameras, films and a badge.

In personal equipment we each have badge, identification card, notebook, handkerchief, pencil, black and white powder, brushes, flashlight, magnifying glass and gloves.

Our meetings take place every day at our Headquarters. First we have roll-call and dues and then each Member makes a report of his activities the day before. Then we have physical development which consists of boxing and other exercises. Then we try finger-print tests, observation tests, etc.

"Well, that is our Outpost in full, ready to have a case of crime. But still I have more news and still better. Can you guess who I wrote to? Well, I wrote to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover in which I enclosed the finger-prints of our Operators in response to his plea in a magazine for every person to submit his finger-prints.

"That is all I have to report just now but I will write just as soon as we have more news."

We regard this as an A-1 Official Report and we are pleased to have an opportunity to print it and also to congratulate Lieutenant Barrick and his unit on the fine work they are doing. We want to hear from many more Units of this type, for well-trained groups of this sort may look forward to a future rich in opportunities to be of service to the law-enforcing bodies in their communities.

But it is not enough to keep in close touch merely with the other Members of your own Unit. We expect *Junior Federal Men* to work closely with the other J. F. M. C. Units in their community and with Independent Operators not affiliated with a Unit. It was for this reason that we spent so much of our time last month outlining various codes and signals so that all *Junior Federal Men* would be able to communicate with each other with a minimum of

danger of being understood by Non-Members.

One of the things we told you about last month was an alphabetical code. We asked you to study it carefully so that you would be able to translate it easily. Here is a message in J. F. M. C. code. See if you can translate it without looking at the solution at the bottom of the page: "IZBI KOZB DMW HKGHNMHSRK ZIV GSV HRTMPALC Z FMRLI UVWVIZO NZMT." It looks hard, doesn't it, but you will find it easy if you can remember the code-key that we gave you last month.

And by the way, do all of you know how to write messages in a simple, invisible ink? It is very easy and at the same time impossible to read unless you know the secret of making the letters visible. Simply write your message on white paper using milk for ink. When this dries you cannot see the letters. Now to make the writing visible, simply heat the paper slightly and, as if by magic, the paper turns dark brown wherever the milk has touched it. This constitutes an easy and effective method of sending messages with very little danger of interception.

We have had many splendid letters from readers who mention Operator 2086, Fred Darling of Falls Creek, Pennsylvania, wrote in to ask about the best methods of forming his Unit. One thing that he was especially interested in was the matter of dues. Many Members have written in to ask whether it was necessary to have dues and if so how much they should be. This is a question that each Unit must decide for itself. Strictly speaking, it is not essential for a Unit to have dues, and if Members feel that they cannot afford to tax themselves this way, this is entirely satisfactory. However, inasmuch as the activities of the Club can be used to purchase equipment, and to finance various undertakings, we recommend the policy of collecting dues. As to the amount, this also is a question that every Unit must decide for itself. We believe that the best method to follow is for the Members first to decide what equipment they would like to have and then assess the dues so that they will be adequate to purchase the desired equipment. The one rule to follow is that dues must not be made so high that any Member of the Unit will be unable to meet them conveniently. In all cases, the question of whether to have dues and, if so, what the amount is to be, must be decided by popular vote of the Members.

We still receive many letters from girls asking if they are allowed to join. We have answered this question before but for the benefit of new readers we repeat that girls may become associate Members with the same privileges as boys if they are willing to pledge themselves to the support of the Club just as the boys do. Canadian boys and girls are also welcome to become Members.

Now for the solution to the message in code. We hope that all our old Members have already solved it but for the benefit of newcomers, here is the solution. Thus Z stands for A, Y stands for B, X stands for C, and so on through the alphabet. The message is "FAIR PLAY AND SPORTSMANSHIP ARE THE SIGNS OF A JUNIOR FEDERAL MAN."

Yours for law and order,

STEVE CARSON.

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Every real, red-blooded American boy wants to join in the great fight against lawlessness.

Steve Carson's JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN Club is enlisting thousands of boys in this cause. Fill out the coupon at the right and send for YOUR badge and Membership Certificate right away!

Steve Carson,
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,
432 Fourth Ave., New York City.
Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City and State _____

SANDOR
AND THE LOST CIVILIZATION

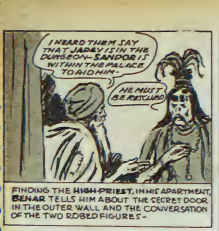
WHILE SANDOR IS RELEASING JADEV FROM HIS CHAINS AND PUTTING THE IRONS ON THE GUARD, THE DOOR OF THE DUNGEON IS VIOLENTLY CLOSED AND BOLTED BY SOMEONE OUTSIDE—

RUSHING TO THE DOOR, SANDOR AND JADEV HURL THEIR WEIGHT AGAINST THE SOLID OAK PLANKS, AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT THE HEAVY BOLT, IMBEDDED IN THE MASONRY, HOLDS FIRMLY.

MEANWHILE, THE RAJAH IS RESTING IN HIS APARTMENT, WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE PARTED AND ONE OF HIS SPIES GLIDES INTO THE ROOM.

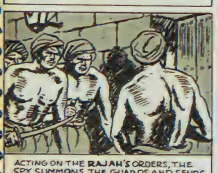
GET EVERY THING IN READINESS FOR THE EXECUTION WITHIN THE HOUR—BY FAKIR OF YOGA! TELL NO ONE—DEVOTED AND TRUSTED ADVISERS MUST KNOW!

IN THE MEANTIME BENAR IN HIS BEGGAR'S DISGUISE, PASSES THROUGH THE GATE UNNOTICED. SLIPPING THROUGH THE FACT DOOR OF THE PALACE, HE MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE SECRET PASSAGE WAY, LEADING TO THE APARTMENT OF THE HIGH-PRIEST.



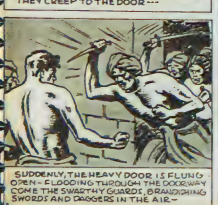
FINDING THE **HIGH-PRIEST**, IN HIS APARTMENT **BENAR** TELLS HIM ABOUT THE SECRET DOOR IN THE OUTER WALL AND THE CONVERSATION OF THE TWO ROBED FIGURES -

HEARING OF **JADEV'S** PLIGHT, THE **HIGH PRIEST** HASTENS TO THE DUNGEON WITH **BENAR** —

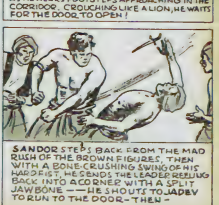


ACTING ON THE **RAJAH'S** ORDERS, THE SPY SUMMONS THE GUARDS AND SENDS THEM TO THE DUNGEON TO PUT A ROPE ON **SANDOR** AND **JADEV**. CAUTIOUSLY, THEY CREEP TO THE DOOR —

WITH IN THE CELL **SANDOR** MOTIONS TO **JADEV** AS HE HEARS BOOTSTEPS APPROACHING IN THE CORRIDOR. CROUCHING LIKE A LION, HE WAITS FOR THE DOOR TO OPEN!



SUDDENLY, THE HEAVY DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN - FLOODING THROUGH THE DOORWAY COME THE SWARTHY GUARDS, BRANDISHING SWORDS AND DAGGERS IN THE AIR —

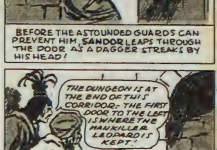


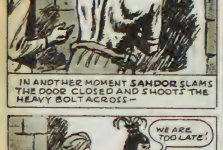
SANDOR STEPS BACK FROM THE MAD RUSH OF THE BROWN FIGURES. THEN WITH A BONE-SHATTERING SWING OF HIS HARD FIST, HE SENDS THE LEADER REELING BACK INTO A CORNER WITH A SPLIT JAW BONE — HE SHOUTS TO JADEV TO RUN TO THE DOOR - THEN -

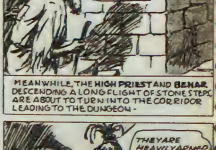
PICKING UP ANOTHER FELLOW, HE FLINGS HIM OFF OF HIS FEET, WHIRLING HIS BODY ALOFT AND CATAPULTING HIM INTO THE MIDST OF THE OTHERS-

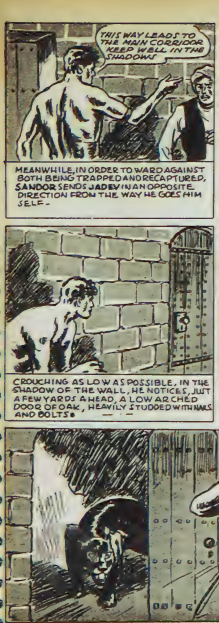
BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED GUARDS CAN PREVENT HIM, SANDOR LEAPS THROUGH THE DOOR AS A DAGGER STREAKS BY HIS HEAD!

IN ANOTHER MOMENT SANDOR SLAMS THE DOOR CLOSED AND SHOOTS THE HEAVY BOLT ACROSS-


THE DUNGEON IS AT THE END OF THIS CORRIDOR- THE FIRST DOOR TO THE LEFT IS WHERE THE MANKILLER LEOPARD IS KEPT!
MEANWHILE, THE HIGH PRIEST AND BENAR DESCENDING A LONG FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS ARE ABOUT TO TURN INTO THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE DUNGEON-

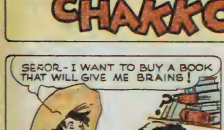

WE ARE TOO LATE!
THEY STOP IN THEIR TRACKS AS THE SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS REACH THEIR EARS AND A MOMENT LATER, THEY BEHOLD THE GUARDS RUSHING THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE DUNGEON!

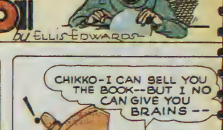

THEY ARE HEAVILY ARMED WE WOULD HAVE NO CHANCE AGAINST THEM- WE MUST FIND ANOTHER WAY TO RESCUE JADEV
EXPECTING MOMENTARILY TO SEE THE GUARDS COME OUT AGAIN WITH JADEV, THEY RETRACE THEIR STEPS AND DOODLE INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE STAIRCASE IN ORDER TO AVOID BEING SEEN-


"THIS WAY LEADS TO THE MAIN CORRIDOR KEEP HERE IN THE SHADOWS"
MEANWHILE, IN ORDER TO WARD AGAINST BOTH BEING TRAPPED AND RECAPTURED, SANDOR SENDS JADEV IN AN OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM THE WAY HE GOES HIM SELF -
RUNNING CLOSE TO THE WALL IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STAIRWAY, SANDOR HALTS SUDDENLY, AS HE HEARS SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS ON THE STONE STEPS, A FLIGHT A BOVE -
CROUCHING AS LOW AS POSSIBLE, IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL, HE NOTICES, JUST A FEW YARDS AHEAD, A LOW ARCHED DOOR OF OAK, HEAVILY STUDDED WITH NAILS AND BOLTS -
GLIDING AHEAD TO THE DOOR, HE TRIES IT AND FINDS THAT IT'S LOCKED. SNATCHING THE KEEPERS KEY RING FROM HIS GIRDLE, HE FINDS THE RIGHT KEY AND THRUSTS IT INTO THE POWERFUL LOCK -
SWINGING THE DOOR BACK ON IT'S HINGES, SANDOR IS ABOUT TO STEP INTO THE DARK ROOM. SUDDENLY HE LEAPS BACK AS HE SEES THE GAPING JAWS OF A FEROCIOUS BLACK LEOPARD. THE BEAST IS CROUCHING, READY TO SPRING -
H. FLAMAN

CHIKKO CHAKKO

By ELLIS EDWARDS





O-MY PAST HAS
AUGHT UP WITH
MY
UTURE!
BOOC
WHAT THE
MATTER-CHEEKO?
YOU ACT LIKE
OLD WOMAN
WHEN WE SAY-
B-O-O!
6!-CHICOS-I
SCARED OF TO-
DAY BECAUSE
OF TOMORROW!
HIS BOOK TELL ME ABOUT
WHAT HAPPENS TO ME-AND
IS NOT GOOD! MANY TIMES
SEE FORTUNE-TELLER WEAR
AS ON HEAD BECAUSE THE
FUTURE IS ONE
BEEG
PAIN!
O-YOU LIKE
MAN IN CIRCUS-
NO?
CARAMBA! WHAT
YOU DO WITH
LOOPIE'S DRESS?
YOU WEAR
IT ON HEAD--
BECAUSE YOU
GET GOOD BRAIN
FROM WHAT
YOU KNOW!
UENO! NOW I LIKE MAN IN
IRCUS- I KNOW SECRETS OF
TOMORROW!
6!-CHEEKO-YOU
KNOW ALL AND
TELL HALF!
WHAT YOU DO NOW?
WE GO QUICK!
WE NO READ BOOK
TO FIND WHAT IS
HAPPEN WHEN
LOOPIE FINISH HER
BATH --- AND
NO DRESS!

DETECTIVE SERGEANT

CAREY

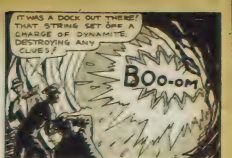
of the

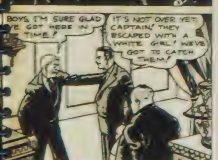
CHINATOWN SQUAD

By JOE DOUGHERTY

As the police break in the house in Chinatown Sin Fu, taking the kidnapped girls, escapes thru a tunnel leading to his gang of yellow cut-throats. Sgt. Carey & Sears are left to die in a gas-filled room!
IT'S ALL OVER, SARGE! WE CAN'T---
SO LONG, SLEUTH! YOU'RE THE BEST PAL A GUY EVER HAD!
HERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN!
BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR! FIND THAT GAS QUICKLY! GET SOME AIR IN HERE! HURRY, MEN!
THEY WENT THIS WAY! I CAN STILL SMELL THEIR FUMES!
TWO OF YOU TAKE MR. CAREY AND SLEEPY UPSTAIRS! THE REST FOLLOW ME!
SHUCKS! THIS TUNNEL WON'T SMOKE 'EM OUT!
I SEE A LIGHT UP AHEAD! BE READY MEN!

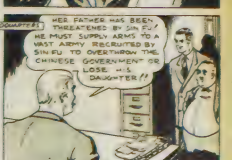
OH! I TRIPPED OVER A STRING! STAND BACK!

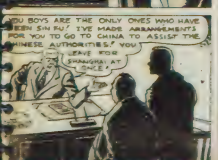

IT WAS A DOCK OUT THERE! THAT STRING SET OFF A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE, DESTROYING ANY CLUES!
BOO-OM

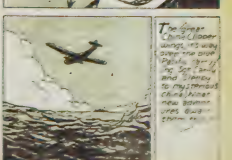

BOYS, I'M SURE GLAD WE GOT HERE IN TIME!
IT'S NOT OVER YET, CAPTAIN! THEY ESCAPED WITH A WHITE GIRL! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM!

THEY GOT THROUGH THE HARBOR POLICE. THE COAST GUARD SAW A STRANGE CRAFT BUT IT GOT AWAY!
MUST HAVE HEADED OUT TO SEA! SIN FU MADE SOME CRACK ABOUT THE LAND OF OUR ANCESTORS CALLS US!

THIS IS SERIOUS! YOUR IDENTIFICATION FROM PHOTOS PROVES THIS GIRL IS OLAF MANNERS, DAUGHTER OF RICH ARMS MANUFACTURER!
BACK AT HEADQUARTERS!


HER FATHER HAS BEEN THREATENED BY SIN FU! HE MUST SUPPLY ARMS TO A VAST ARMY RECRUITED BY SIN FU TO OVERTHROW THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT OR LOSE HIS DAUGHTER!!!


YOU BOYS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO HAVE BEEN SIN FU! I'VE MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOU TO GO TO CHINA TO ASSIST THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES! YOU LEAVE FOR SHANGHAI AT ONCE!


TWO SUPER CHINA CLIPPERS WAITING! IT'S WAY OVER THE OCEAN! THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM MY HOMELAND! CHINA! WHAT WONDERFUL MEMORIES OUR ANCESTORS CALL FROM THERE!

GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB

In this issue of NEW ADVENTURE COMICS we are celebrating the first birthday of the *International Good Neighbor Club*. Just one year ago this month we made our first announcement of a new Club to be dedicated to the cause of developing the spirit of Good Neighborliness between the Nations of the World. The response was immediate and enthusiastic. In the short space of a single year, we have enlisted Members from every State in the United States, from every United States Territory, from every province in Canada and from a great many foreign countries. We have found Pen-Pals for more than half of the Club Members who applied for them. In many respects the success we have met has been greater than any we anticipated.

BUT, though we have every reason to be proud of these achievements, we must realize that as yet we have only begun to tap the surface and that the major part of our work still lies ahead of us. The *International Good Neighbor Club* has been introduced to our readers and we now appeal to these readers to help us in our great fight. If you believe in the ideals of our Club, send in your application for membership without delay. It is not necessary for every Member to have a Pen-Pal but we do want all of you to wear your buttons and to interest other in this movement. And, of course, if you think that you would enjoy corresponding with someone in the United States, Canada or some other country, we will do our very best to find a Pen-Pal for you.

Our Pen-Pal Department, by the way, is growing at a tremendous rate. Here are some of our Members who have been given Pen-Pals this month:

Marthen Alfire, of Tiro, Ohio, is corresponding with Mary Clowes, of Manchester, England. Bonaventura St. Maria, of Novelata Cavite, Philippine Islands, has begun a Pen-Pal friendship with Virginia Churchill, of Fort Worth, Texas. Audrey Parks, of London, England, is enjoying a correspondence with Arlene Blake, of Turners Falls, Massachusetts. John Phillips of Guilford, England, is now corresponding with David Brewer, of Muskegon, Michigan. Joseph Freidman, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and R. Jones, of Leigh, England, have received Good Neighbor Club introduction cards and are probably well acquainted by this time. John Graham, of Auckland, New Zealand, and Mary Daroghue, of Gorry, Pennsylvania; Thomas Dignam of Dublin, Ireland, and Frank Carey, of Seattle, Washington; and Norman Bunting, of London, England, and Ronald Horner of Wiley, Colorado, are also recipients of Good Neighbor cards introducing them to each other.

In addition to the above-mentioned Members, there are many, many others who have applied for Pen-Pals either in the United States or abroad, and received the name and address of another Member of the Good Neighbor Club. We get many letters each month from these Members telling us how much they enjoy their Pen-Pal friendships. We often wish that we could write to you every week instead of only once a month because there are so many things going on here at Headquarters that we know you would enjoy hearing about.

In any event, let's all get together and plan to make the coming year even better and more successful than last year.

Yours,

ANN LESLIE

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
International Good Neighbor Club

Secretary, International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB, NEW ADVENTURE COMICS Magazine, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear Sir:—

Please enroll me as a member of the International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB. I enclose 10c to cover mailing charge for my Certificate of Membership Certificate and promise to abide by the rules of the Club.

To do everything in my power to firmly establish friendly relations between my country and the other countries of the world.

Name _____ Age _____

Nationality _____

Street _____

City _____

Captain Quick

ILLUSTRATOR — SVEN ELVÉN

1 BY A CLEVER RUSE, SIR KENDAL QUICK HAS DRAWN THE ATTACKING SPANISH FLEET INTO THE HARBOR OF THE BRITISH PORT ROYAL.

MARJORIE, HIS SWEETHEART, HAS BEEN STRUCK DOWN BY SPANISH BULLETS IN HER GALLANT READING OF THE ENGLISH FLAG, SHOT FROM A FORT IN THE BATTLE.

2 QUICK DIRECTS THE FIGHT WITH FURY BELIEV-ING MARJORIE DEAD.

3 BUT SOLDIERS, RUSHING TO HER ASSISTANCE, FIND HER ALIVE, STUNNED BY A SLIGHT SCALP WOUND.

4 UNDECK THEY CARRY HER LIMP FORM DOWN THE WINDING STEPS, SO AS TO THE SAFETY OF THE DUNGEONS BELOW.

5 WHERE NOT A SINGLE RAY OF SUNLIGHT PENETRATES.

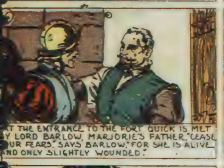
6 WHILE SIR KENDAL QUICK PLANS CUNNINGLY TO RID ENGLAND OF THE SPANISH SCOURGE FOR THE LIFE OF A GALLANT ENGLISHWOMAN!

THE LITTLE ENGLISH BOATS CROWD AROUND THE SPANISH ARMADA LIKE TERRIERS AROUND A NEST OF RATS. GUNS RED HOT FROM CONSTANT FIRING, THEY CONTINUE TO POUR A HAIL OF DEATH UPON THE LUCKLESS FIGHTING MEN OF PHILIP OF SPAIN.

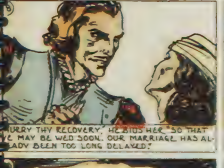
7
SEVERAL OF THE SPANISH SHIPS BLAZE INTO FLAMES AND THE SAILORS LEAP INTO THE SEA TO SAVE THEMSELVES.
8
THE SPANISH ADMIRAL ABOARD HIS FLAGSHIP SEES AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE. HE SHOUTS ORDERS
9
WIND AND TIDE HAVE OPENED A WAY THROUGH THE ENCIRCLING ENGLISH SHIPS. THE SPANISH FLAGSHIP SLIPS THROUGH THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR.
10
"A SPANISH SHIP ESCAPING, CAPTAIN," CRIES DRAKE'S LIEUTENANT. "SHALL WE GIVE CHASE, SIR KENDAL ANSWERS, "NO."
11
"LET HER ESCAPE," HE SAYS. "LET HER RETURN TO HER KING AND TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENS TO ENEMIES WHO BRING WAR TO ENGLAND'S OWN DOOR-STEP!"
12
HIGH ON THE FORTS, THE ENGLISH GUNNERS CONTINUE TO SHOWER THE ENEMY CRAFT WITH SHOT AND BALL.
13
THOSE SHIPS THAT ARE NOT AFIRE ARE BOARDED BY CREWS OF HOWLING BRITONS ARMED TO THE TEETH WITH CUTLASSES, HALBERDS AND DIRKS. THE SPANIARDS THROW DOWN THEIR WEAPONS.

THE BATTLE IS WON. SIR KENDAL QUICK RUSH
S TO THE SHORE IN A SMALL BOAT.

16
MADLY HE DASHES THROUGH THE STREETS OF
THE TOWN, TORN BY ANXILTY AND FEAR FOR
MARJORIE..

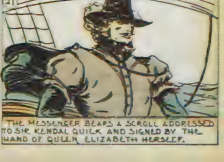

T THE ENTRANCE TO THE FORT QUICK IS MET
Y LORD BARLOW, MARJORIE'S FATHER. "CEASE
UR FEARS," SAYS BARLOW, "FOR SHE IS ALIVE,
ND ONLY SLIGHTLY WOUNDED."

17
A FEW MOMENTS LATER SIR KENDAL KNEELS
BESIDE THE COUCH OF HIS LOVED ONE. "THANK
HEAVEN, THANK HEAVEN," HE MURMURS.


URRY THY RECOVERY," HE BIDS HER, "SO THAT
'E MAY BE WED SOON. OUR MARRIAGE HAS AL-
ADY BEEN TOO LONG DELAYED."

19
THERE ARE MANY HAPPY DAYS IN THE BRIGHT
TROPICAL SUNSHINE, WHILE MARJORIE'S
STRENGHT SLOWLY RETURNS TO HER..

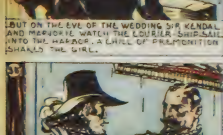
UT THE HAPPINESS OF THE TWO LOVERS
OULD BE DIMMED COULD THEY KNOW OF THE
IP RACING TOWARD PORT ROYAL WITH A
OWN MESSENGER ABOARD.


21
THE MESSENGER BEARS A SCROLL ADDRESSED
TO SIR KENDAL QUICK, AND SIGNED BY THE
HAND OF QUEEN ELIZABETH HERSELF.

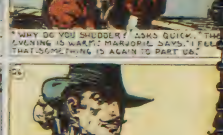
THE WEDDING DAY APPROACHES. SERVANTS ARE BUSY FESTOONING THE GREAT HALL OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE FOR THE HAPPY AFFAIR.

BUT ON THE EVE OF THE WEDDING SIR KENDAL AND MARJORIE WATCH THE COURIER-SHIP SAIL INTO THE HARBOR. A CHILL OF PREMONITION SHAKES THE GIRL.

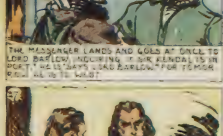
"WHY DO YOU SHUDDER?" ASKS QUICK. "THE EVENING IS WARM." MARJORIE SAYS. "I FELT THAT SOMETHING IS AGAIN TO PART US."



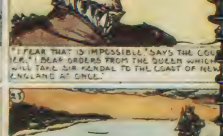
THE MESSENGER LANDS AND GOES AT ONCE TO LORD BARLOW, INQUIRING IF SIR KENDAL IS IN PORT. "HE IS," SAYS LORD BARLOW. "FOR TEMOR WHAT IS IT, LAD?"



"I FEAR THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE," SAYS THE COURIER. "I BEAR ORDERS FROM THE QUEEN WHICH WILL TAKE SIR KENDAL TO THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND AT ONCE."



BARLOW TELLS QUICK WHAT HE HAS BEEN ORDERED TO DO. RAIDS UPON THE NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENTS BY SPANISH PRIVATEERS WHO HAVE VENTURED INTO THE [illegible] SEEMS



TO ONCE MORE MARJORIE SEES HER LOVER SAIL OFF INTO THE UNKNOWN. I WONDER WHAT FRESH DANGERS AWAIT HIM?" SHE SAYS. HOW LOVELY BE MINGLING WITH BRAVE TEARS.

Captain Quick

ILLUSTRATOR — SVEN ELVEN

7
SIR KENDAL IS DELIGHTED WITH THIS RUGGED NEW COUNTRY, WHICH HE IS SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME..
8
MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES AWAY, INDIAN CHIEFTAINS SIT IN COUNCIL, ANGERED BY THE ENGLISH COLONISTS..
9
DARK OWL, THE GREATEST OF THE CHIEFS, SPEAKS: "THE WHITE MEN WHO ENCROACH UPON OUR LANDS MUST BE DRIVEN BACK, INTO THE SEA!"
10
"SHARPEN YOUR TOMAHAWKS!" HE CRIES. "PUT ON THE WAR PAINT! MAKE MANY ARROWS! TAKE UP YOUR SCALPING-KNIVES!"
11
GOADED INTO FRENZY BY FIERY SPEECHES, THE BRAVES SMEAR THEIR FACES AND BODIES WITH THE HIDEOUS WAR PAINT AND DANCE, LIKE DEMONS AROUND THE BLAZING FIRE, SCREAMING THREATS TO THE WHITE MEN.
12
FAINT ECHOES OF THE WAR-DANCE REACH THE EARS OF MILES STANDISH. HE SENSES DANGER IN THE WEIRD SHRIEKS.
13
THE OLD FIGHTER SEEKS OUT SIR KENDAL QUICK AND TELLS HIM HIS FEARS OF A BLOOD-THIRSTY INDIAN ATTACK..

QUICKLY THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE SETTLEMENT ARE HUSTLED INTO THE STOCKADE, WHILE THE MEN LOAD MUSKETS. SIR KENDAL'S SAILORS, VETERANS OF MANY A FIERCE SEA-BATTLE, THRILL TO THE PROSPECT OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH A NEW FOE ON DRY LAND.

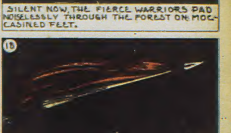
T LAST IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT LF DARK OWL SIGNALS TO HIS HOWLING VES. THE WAR DANCE ENDS ABRUPTLY.

16

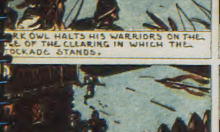
SILENT NOW, THE FIERCE WARRIORS PAD NOISELESSLY THROUGH THE FOREST ON MOCASINED FEET.

RE OWL HALTS HIS WARRIORS ON THE E OF THE CLEARING IN WHICH THE OCKADE STANDS.

15



THE CHIEF HIMSELF FIRES THE FIRST SHOT IN THE ATTACK, A FLAMING ARROW THAT BLAZES A TRAIL THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD THE LITTLE FORT.



ERE IT IS! "CRIES STANDISH. "HOLD YOUR E, MEN, UNTIL THE SAVAGES ATTACK IN OPEN!"

20

THE REDSKINS SHOWER THE FORT WITH A HAIL OF ARROWS BUT FEW TAKE EFFECT AT THIS LONG RANGE...

31

AT LAST THE BRAVES CAN NO LONGER BE HELD IN CHECK. WITH UNHOLY SHRIEKS THEY DASH AT THE STOCKADE, SCALPING KNIVES IN TEETH AND BRANDISHING THEIR STONE TOMAHAWKS.

32

THE DEFENDERS OF THE FORT BLAZE AWAY AT THE DIM FIGURES OF THE ATTACKING INDIANS.

33

THE STIFF RESISTANCE MOMENTARILY PANICS THE REDSKINS, THEY RUN FOR COVER, LEAVING MANY OF THEIR NUMBER DEAD AND WOUNDED.

34

BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY ATTACK, BECOMING BOLDER AND MORE INFLAMED WITH EACH SALLY.

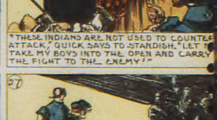
35

"THESE INDIANS ARE NOT USED TO COUNTER ATTACK," QUICK SAYS TO STANDISH, "LET US TAKE MY BOYS INTO THE OPEN AND CARRY THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY!"

36

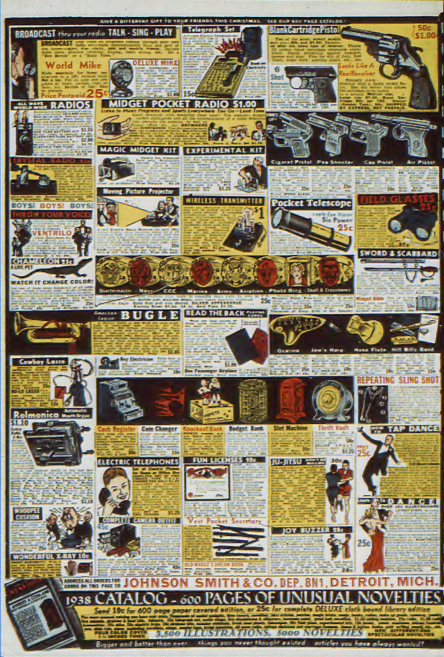
"IT IS A BOLD PLAN," SAYS STANDISH "AND DANGEROUS, BUT SHOULD IT SUCCEED IT MIGHT TEACH THESE SAVAGES A LESSON THEY WOULD NOT SOON FORGET."

37



SIR KENDAL TELLS HIS PLANS TO HIS MEN AND THEY PREPARE TO ATTACK THE INDIANS WITH OUTLASSES. WILL THE DARING PLAN SAVE THE BATTLE FOR THE COLONISTS?

GOOFO THE GREAT
BY ALGER
WHAT WOULD EVERYBODY LIKE TO HEAR ?
ANNIE LAURIE !!
FINE !
AND YOU ?
WHERE THE RHEIN SHANNON FLOWS ?
YOU ?
THE BLUE DANUBE !
IN TH' SHADE O' THE OLD APPLE TREE !
GREAT !!
IS THERE A PIANO PLAYER IN TH' HOUSE ?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WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR!
American Famous BUGLE
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Genuine Jew's Harp
Nose Flute
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